

THE QUIVER

Saturday, March 3, 1866.



THE BLIND PHILANTHROPIST.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

THE DEEPER DEPTH;

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.—NO. III.

DISTRICT OF WESTMINSTER—*continued.*

WE have now reached York Street, in which Milton is said to have resided—at least, a house is pointed out to us, with a comparatively modern front, but which has a stone let into the back wall, bearing an inscription to that effect. At the top of the street, opposite the fine chapel recently erected by the Rev. Samuel Martin's congregation, is the Workhouse. Do you see that

ragged and silent group gathered at the door? They are what the officials call "casuals," waiting to obtain shelter for the night. At first sight you will receive the impression that four-fifths of them might be made available for the labour market; but if you look at them narrowly, you will find that the greater part are disqualified for heavy and continuous toil, by some cause or the other. While waiting for the clock to strike six, the hour when the casuals are admitted, we see the butcher's cart drive up, and as an aged pauper comes out to hold the horse, we cross the road to speak to him. There is nothing remarkable about him; you might find his counterpart in every workhouse in London. He tells us that he has been there four years, his wife and children are all dead, and he doesn't know that he has a relative living in the world. He is a painter by trade, and tries to be useful in the house, and by that means he gets his rations increased—"in fact, putting everything together, he couldn't wish to be comfortabiller." Now, four other paupers arrive, bearing a coffin containing the corpse of a man who has died suddenly during the day. They seem to be very familiar with death. While they are waiting for the great gate to be opened, they laugh and chat together; and one of them stoops down to tie his shoestrings, for which purpose the coffin serves him very admirably as a footstool. The clock strikes, and the "casuals" (whom the regular inmates regard with lofty indifference, if not supreme contempt) file into the porter's lodge, from which, to our surprise, they quickly return with a yellow ticket in their hand. On examination of this precious document, we find it "an order" for their admission into the workhouse at KENSINGTON, between three and four miles distant! It made our hearts bleed to see the poor creatures, some of whom had been waiting for two or three hours, drag their weary feet along, as they turned away from the inhospitable gate. This is a fine night, but fancy what such a walk must be to them—to the women and children, for example—when the rain is descending in torrents, or the snow some inches thick on the ground. Probably the authorities consider this "a good joke," for we are told that at the St. Martin's Hall Conference, the other day, some of the guardians *laughed* when Mr. Farnall stated that, in more than one instance, placards had been hung outside the workhouse door, with—"TAKE NOTICE—THE CASUAL WARDS ARE FULL," when there was not a casual ward in the place; but they would not find it a joke if, through any terrible reverse of fortune (and such things do happen), they had to perform the wearisome and unexpected journey *themselves*. We speak to some of the "casuals" as they pass by, but they have nothing startling to tell. Almost without exception, they mutter one or other of the following phrases—"On the tramp,"—"Out of

work,"—"Lost my wife,"—"No home," and the like. No doubt some of them are what the Americans call "Revolvers," from their appearing at each workhouse door in succession, but many are deserving claimants on our sympathy, whose cases ought to receive the kindest consideration.

The struggles of many of the poor to support themselves honestly are most praiseworthy. Here is a small window set out for the sale of needles and threads; it is kept by a smart old lady, who has passed her eightieth birthday. She is an admirable type of the highspirited and honourable poor; a true "Betty Higden." For sixty years she has lived in the parish, and never received any parochial relief; she is often in absolute want, and yet she makes no moan, but silently suffers the pang of hunger until she can honestly procure a loaf. Descend these steps and you will find a man busily employed mending shoes, which have been purchased by his wife at marine store shops in the city. After he has made them wearable, they are sold again, at an average profit of twopence per pair. Do what they will, and they are very industrious, they can hardly pay their rent, and buy themselves bread. Meat, unless, given them, they never taste. The next is a case of paralysis. The poor man was for some time in the Westminster Hospital, but, as that noble institution is sadly in want of funds, the medical officers are frequently compelled to send patients to their wretched homes, when they need all the help and care that can be afforded them. His wife takes in needlework, but so poorly is she paid that she has to work Sundays, as well as weekdays, to earn 4s. 6d., out of which she has to pay 3s. for rent, leaving the magnificent sum of 1s. 6d. to keep herself and poor afflicted husband with! Here is a man who has recently been employed to clean windows in the House of Lords, and now he tries to get a living by selling "sweetstuff" in the streets. Last Monday, after paying his rent, he had 6d. left. He then borrowed 2d., bought two pounds of sugar at 4d., made sweets with it, and went out and took 9d.; this he expended in treacle, which enabled him to increase his stock and take a wider circuit in pursuit of custom. Two sisters, one a widow, with a daughter aged nineteen, are needlewomen. They have to make police trousers for 9d. per pair (the middleman gets 1s. 3d. per pair), sheets 1½d. per pair, pillow-cases for ½d., and *full-fronted shirts, double stitched, for 2½d.*, and buy, in each case, their own thread or cotton! A few weeks back they were out of work, and had neither food nor fire for two whole days! When they have employment they take only a few hours' sleep, otherwise they could not earn enough to keep themselves alive.

"Work—work—work,
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!

"Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
'Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand."

Another needlewoman has a dying husband, and all that she and her daughter, a girl of eleven, can earn, after working some fourteen or fifteen hours a day, is 4½d. Her son, a boy of thirteen, works for a greengrocer, and his wages pay the rent. The brave little fellow never goes home to dinner, because he knows his poor mother would have none for him, and he will not put her to the pain of telling him so; while, when his hard day's work is done, he tends his father as tenderly as a nurse. If that boy lives he will prosper. A blind man makes wire puzzles, and leathern purses with secret pockets. His profit is 2d. in 6d.; but he is often out groping his way for six or eight hours, without taking as many pence. His room is a model of neatness, and he is never absent from St. Matthew's Church on Sundays. He and his wife have brought up two nieces, one of whom is now married; besides which, he has rescued several young women from a life of infamy. In one instance the poor creature was just about to commit suicide; he took her home, and his wife tended her carefully for a fortnight, and eventually the poor girl was restored to her mother in the country. "*I must try to do a little good,*" said the noble fellow, "*even though I am blind.*" At the moment of his saying this, they had not a morsel of food in the house, nor a farthing wherewith to purchase any; yet his wife was doing all she could to assist a poor woman, recently confined, in the next room, whose husband had died a week ago in a lunatic asylum. She had already had a large family, and although from her situation she required many comforts, she had not even a morsel of bread, and would have been absolutely without aid, had it not been for the good Samaritans, the blind man and his wife.

A widow, seventy-four years of age, lives in a little room with her canary, which, she says, "talks to her like a child." She used to be occasionally employed in St. James's Palace as a charwoman. She has not quite lost the taste of meat, for the other day she was enabled to buy two ounces! In common with the best of the poor, she has an invincible repugnance to "going to the house." She is very, very patient amidst her privations. "Sometimes I have no bread," she said; "but mostways the Almighty sends me some." The parish used to allow her two or three loaves a week; but when she became too infirm to fetch them, the humane officials instantly cut them off. A few doors farther on in the same lane we find two poor women living in a wretched room, ceiling dropping on the floor, walls mouldering with damp, while just outside the window is a foul watercloset, by the side of a dustheap. One of

them, aged fifty-four, is bedridden, and the other, her mother, has attained the great age of ninety-two, and is still strong. They have 2s. 6d. from the parish, which pays their rent, and a kind lady gives them 3s. a week, which is all they have to subsist on. The old woman's husband, dead now some fifteen years, was in the Royal Artillery, and wounded at Flushing. When asked why they did not "go into the house," she fired up and said, "I promised my mon, when dying, that I never would, and I never will. Me and Jane isn't to be parted. No one will employ me; though the time was when I could do a good day's work, and I would do my best now." The Scottish Society does nothing for her, on the plea that she receives parochial relief; but if this piece of red-tapeism could be overcome, this fine old Scotchwoman would gladly give up her 2s. 6d. per week, and receive instead the 18s. per month which that society allows its pensioners.

No one can pass through Westminster without being struck with the wholesale demolition of houses for the purpose of carrying out various public works—such as the construction of Victoria Street and the Metropolitan Railway. In addition to these, there is now a scheme, said to be looked on with great favour in certain high quarters, that will deprive a whole host of families of their homes. It is no less than the making a boulevard, 150 feet wide, in a straight line from the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament to Eaton Square. One plea advanced in favour of this gigantic undertaking is, that it will sweep away a number of wretched tenements, that are now simply hotbeds of crime. Even if this assertion be allowed to pass unquestioned, it may be asked—What is to become of the wretched inmates? Rich men complain sometimes when driven from their homes, even though they receive ample compensation; but it is far worse for a poor man to be turned out of his cheap and suitable lodgings. Where can he go, without paying a far higher price? Already the overcrowding is something fearful. We control the lodging-houses to a certain degree, but can we do so with families? and in many cases there is such a constant mingling of the sexes, that it is next to an impossibility that the children can grow up virtuous. Our legislators would do well to compel every company that purposed demolishing the dwellings of the poor, to erect model lodging-houses, on the most approved plan, BEFORE the work of destruction is commenced. The class in question cannot afford to wait for two or three years, and hence they should be defended against the powerful organisations that would invade and destroy the sanctities of their little homes. Companies have no conscience. A board of directors will do things that its members individually would shrink from; while the shareholders are ignorant of the injuries inflicted in their name.

Would that the latter, instead of lending themselves blindly to the projects of interested persons, would visit the poor, before they are "improved" off the face of the earth. This might lead them to different conclusions; and provoke the exercise of

Christian charity; while, if certain grave eventualities were duly considered, they would deem it the best employment of their time, and the most profitable investment they could possibly make.

(To be continued.)

H. B. I.

ANDREW, A TYPE OF UNOBTRUSIVENESS.

BY REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



ANDREW is first introduced in the gospels as a disciple of John the Baptist (John i. 40-42). When the latter, pointing to Jesus as he walked, testified of him, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Andrew and his companion (who is believed to have been St. John, who invariably omits his name, or any allusion to circumstances which might conduce to honour himself) both at once became followers of Jesus. Thus of all the Twelve, Andrew, by name at least, was the first disciple received by the Saviour. He was the firstborn of the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven—the patriarchal convert of Christianity, the oldest of all the fathers who were in Christ before us. Immediately Andrew heard of the sacrifice of salvation, involved in the title of "the Lamb of God," he addressed Jesus as his "Rabbi," a term of reverence implying master and teacher, as one who should instruct with authority. Hence he and John inquired, as in John i. 38, "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?" i.e., that we may wait upon thee, and learn of thee. We would be thy scholars—we are ignorant of thy way of salvation, and would be taught of thee, "for we believe thou art a teacher come from God."

"Come and see," was the gracious welcome, and they appear to have abode that day, and probably the night, too, with Jesus, listening to his doctrine. Its success on the mind and heart of Andrew was prompt and complete, for he at once proceeded to communicate to his brother Simon the glorious news, "We have found the Messiah. And he brought him to Jesus." The two brothers, Andrew and Peter, thus entered into the holier and dearer brotherhood of Christ, united by a bond of love, which the world could not sunder, nor death annihilate, nor eternity foreclose. Though Peter almost immediately took precedence of Andrew in the distinguishing marks of the Saviour's favour, Andrew's name remaining Andrew; though the humbler fisher's name of Simon was obscured in the loftier associations of Peter, yet no murmur, nor envy, nor slightest expression of a wish it should be otherwise, ever escaped Andrew's lips. His life, as inferred from the few and scanty

memoirs in the gospels, was a very lovely illustration of this truly Christian rule—"in honour preferring one another." The injunction, "Let each esteem other better than themselves," was obeyed in letter and spirit. Andrew first evangelised Peter; yet Peter ever after answered for Andrew. Looking at his brother's meekness, Peter might have had Andrew in his eye, when he admonished every believer, "Be clothed with humility." The brothers' earliest act of identification with Jesus was their accompanying him to the marriage feast—probably, of some kinsman of our Lord—in Cana of Galilee. After this miracle they returned to their craft as fishermen, probably not expecting, at that time, to be called into the special service of Christ as his apostles. It appears to have been some months after that the Lord joined himself to them, on the shore of Tiberias, and bid them, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." The metaphor probably alludes to the same emblem in Ezek. xlvii. 10, where "the fishers stand" on the healing waters of the river to save life; and the promise is, "their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." Such a multitudinous draught of fishes signalled the brothers' obedience to their Lord's command, to "let down their nets," and this was the prophetic symbol of that "great multitude which no man could number," which, through the ministry of Christ, as inaugurated on this occasion, should ultimately be gathered into the church and kingdom of the Saviour.

Andrew, which is a Greek name, implying manliness and strength, suggests in connection with his character, the perfect compatibility of courage with humility, of vigour of mind and body with the lowly-mindedness which becomes a disciple of him who himself was "meek and lowly." Christianity is never allied with pusillanimity. It teaches what no other system of morals or religion ever taught, that it is "the glory of a man to pass by a transgression," by that grandest illustration conceivable, which constitutes the passing-by of the transgressions of us all, the sublimest revelation of the glory of God. Let no man dread the imputation of cowardice or meanness to his forbearance from resenting injury or insult. The power of so restraining the natural impulse to retaliate

cometh from above, whence nothing mean, impure, or unbecoming man or God ever came, or could come. Besides, it argues a foregone subjection of self, which gives the hopefullest prospect of victory over all our adversaries, ghostly and bodily. It is a most difficult grace to practice; but though with men this is impossible, nothing is impossible with God; and his large, gracious, comprehensive pledge to his people is, "Nothing shall be impossible unto you." A measure of their Lord's omnipotence is imparted as a prerogative of faith to all his believing people: as it is written, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." And the world is a large word, including men and devils, self and circumstances, and all the diversified conflicts and conditions of life and death. The Christian is the hero of them all.

It would naturally have been the preference of the apostles to have chosen Judea, and the countries adjacent to their home, for the scenes of their ministry. Some of them did so remain in the native land of the Gospel, to testify Christ to his kinsmen according to the flesh; but Andrew, after our Lord's ascension, was sent on a mission to the obscure and barbarous Scythians. Without a murmur or delay "immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood," but accepted the perilous and trying ministry. Eusebius states that, after having planted the Gospel in various regions, he visited Patræ, in Achaia, where, in his faithful efforts to bring home the truth in Christ to Ægeas, the proconsul, the haughty Roman commanded him to be first scourged, as his Divine Master was, and then crucified. There is no authority, beyond doubtful tradition, for the form of St. Andrew's cross resembling the letter X; but the tradition is of extreme antiquity, which records the fact of his being haled to the cruel and ignominious torture of crucifixion, till death released him from his sufferings. The date of his martyrdom is unknown to man, though written in His book, to whose throne the cry has gone up for ages from "the souls under the altar." He loved not his life to the death, because he loved Jesus more. I am inclined to think the form of the cross ascribed to Andrew, indicating, as it does, something different from the ordinary form of cross, on which the Lord was crucified, is a traditional adumbration of his characteristic lowly-mindedness, not without analogy to his brother Peter's request, to be crucified with his head downwards, as one unworthy to be put to death in the same attitude as his Lord and Saviour was. It is quite in keeping with the humility of St. Andrew, that he too may have suggested his being put to death in some shape differing from the Roman cross, which had been rendered glorious by the crucifixion of the Lord of life and glory. Be this as it may, the general lesson of this apostle's life is the retirement of the

individual self behind the modest discharge of duty—the entire sinking of the man into the minister—Andrew the apostle into one of the Twelve. How rarely we see the Christian of his own accord content to be absolutely nothing, that Christ may be all. How much more than most of us do, should we cultivate the meek self-denying, self-abasing spirit which recognises both truths—viz., the Saviour's avowal, "Without me ye can do nothing;" and, on the other hand, the brave, believing assertion, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Both propositions are equally true, equally sustaining, and equally consistent with the relations existing between the Lord and his people. If their own nothingness should keep them humble, their Master's all-sufficiency should make them confident, and "in nothing terrified by their adversaries."

"Who is he that shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" Of St. Andrew's sayings little is recorded; but that little is enough for any man. We have nothing else ascribed to him except his statement to Peter, "We have found the Messias." What more need any man find, except the Saviour, which is Christ the Lord? The great end of his being is accomplished in the one great discovery of the Saviour. Simeon desired to live no longer, so soon as he had once taken Jesus in his arms. His next prayer was—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Andrew was satisfied with simply being the servant of Jesus; and all true servants seek not their own, but their master's honour, or, at least, seek their own simply in his, as the Queen of Sheba said of those of Solomon's household, "Blessed are thy servants;" but "behold, a greater than Solomon is here," One "in whom was hid all the wisdom of the Godhead bodily." What a distinction to be numbered among his servants—nay more, to be reckoned among his friends, dear to him as "a mother, or sister, or brother!" That was Andrew's privilege, and happily possessing that, he could well afford to be comparatively passed over in the silence of the evangelists. You and I, dear reader, may well bear the insignificance of our position on the pages of earthly history, if we be true and hearty followers of Jesus, in consideration of the far more famous inscription of our names in heaven. Judas, "the base Judean," was more prominent in the book below; but it was a prominence of hypocrisy and infamy. Who would not prefer the lowly lot of St. Andrew, the first of Christ's disciples in the order of his calling, but the last in his own meek and unobtrusive estimation of himself? There is no preferential sense of primogeniture in the first-

born of God. Their one absorbing feeling of grateful love and wonder is, "Unto me, the least of all saints, is this grace given," whether for the ministry, or for private membership of the church, and the simple, earnest question is, "Why me? Why, of all men, such a sinner as I am? Why are so many whom I know apparently passed by, and I chosen?" Such an impression serves to keep them humble, and cast down, in their own sight, and in the sight of God. In the view of such honour done them, their desire is to reciprocate it, in their lowly way, by doing honour to God, magnifying his name, hallowing his holy day, worshipping in his temple, honouring his ministers and people, promoting his cause in the world, and "presenting their bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, unto the Lord, which is their reasonable service." Andrew was content to pass down the stream of ecclesiastical history, like the sick in the streets of Jerusalem, in Peter's shadow; for, in the Lord's enumeration of his apostles, Peter is first named, and Andrew next, with the shadowy distinction, as Luke vi. records, of his affinity to Peter, as "Andrew his brother." Both names of the one apostle are written, "Simon (whom he also named Peter) and Andrew his brother." Having regard to the fact that Andrew, and not Peter, was the elder convert—that Andrew brought Peter to Jesus, and not that Peter brought Andrew, in our ideas of precedence the calling should have been worded, Andrew, and Simon Peter his brother, not Simon Peter, and Andrew his brother. But it is only another added to the many Old Testament instances, which serve to show that the order of nature is not of necessity the order of grace. The sovereign will that chose the brother Abel before Cain, the brother Jacob before Esau, the brother David before all the sons of Jesse, appointed the impulsive Peter a ministry more prominent in outward functions than the lowly-minded Andrew. Each, no doubt with reference to his gifts, was placed where he might best "serve his own generation according to the will of God."

No believer desires a higher dignity than Andrew's, the brotherhood of Peter, and of the apostles and fathers of the Church of Christ, because it includes fraternity with Jesus, as he was graciously pleased to own them as his mother, sister, and brother. Who wants more? Andrew

did not. He was satisfied to be called Peter's brother, because he and Peter were brethren of Jesus. The earthly tie was enhanced and sanctified by the spiritual affinity. The same brotherhood is still open to the embrace of all those who have not yet realised their spiritual connection with the house and lineage of Christ. Christianity is an invitation to the brotherhood of Christ. "Peter, by interpretation, a stone," addresses all believers by the same title, "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up," as he was, not on himself, nor Andrew, nor any other apostle individually considered, but upon the common "foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." Andrew was "a habitation of God through the Spirit." Peter was no more. What more could the highest flight of human ambition covet, than to "be built a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ?"

Thus Andrew's lowly-mindedness is the measure of what should content every Christian—viz., the simply being that, to which he is called, a brother in Christ with all his brethren, thankful at being called, like "Quartus, a brother," satisfied with that, glorifying God in that—testifying the grace of his Holy Spirit in that, and "studying to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

If the reader has himself "found the Messias," let his bowels of love and pity yearn over some brother or sister who has not yet met salvation, and, like Andrew, bring him or her to Jesus. Andrew did it without being bidden to do so; we are bidden to bring into the royal marriage feast kinsmen and strangers, countrymen and foreigners, rich and poor, young and old. There is no ground of exclusion, except in our own reluctance to join "the glorious company." A man by becoming a Christian enters into a grand catholic and eternal fellowship with all the most illustrious names of every age, patriarchs, prophets, princes, apostles, martyrs, ministers, and confessors, of whom the world was not worthy. It is the highest honour to be called a brother to the lowliest among them. Be ours the lowly-mindedness of that apostle who sought no higher distinction among his fellow-apostles than to come behind the fisherman of Capernaüm, who is described as "Simon, also called Peter, and Andrew his brother."

THE REDBREAST.



WEET minstrel of the waning year,
That com'st in warrior colours drest,
As though the winter winds would fear
Thy tiny breast—
To me thy flute-like strain is dear,
Above the rest.

When, lately, ev'ry tuneful throat
Was blithe and busy all day long,
Thou hid'st, unnoticed and remote
From the gay throng,
Thy russet wing, and the soft note
Of thy low song.

Now that the sighing woods are bare,
 And the sweet wild-flower's eyes are dim,
 While the brook searches in despair
 His frozen rim;
 Rings out upon the wintry air
 Thy carol hymn.

I would not miss the feathered crew
 That warble to the courted spring,
 And sport, the merry summer through,
 On glancing wing,
 Nor those that high in ether-blue
 Aspire to sing:

Yet most I love thee, who alone—
 Like the true heart that changes not,
 But, when life's sunshine hours are flown,
 Still shares our lot—
 Canst make a summer of thine own
 In any spot. A. W. BUTLER.

THE WORLD OF NIGHT.



ADISON, Bishop Butler, and Dr. Young, have all seen in the phenomena of sleep an argument for the soul's immortality. The limbs have ceased to move, consciousness is suspended, the very organ of thought, the brain, lies dormant; yet the thinking principle continues active, unbound by the chains of matter, mounting, restless, and of subtler essence than its kindred clay. All around is shade or gloom, and the night-side only of Nature is seen. The earth in her swift flight has turned her face from the sun, to look into the realms of darkness, and see what wonders they conceal. Nor does she look in vain. Scarcely has she lost sight of the sun, when myriads of other worlds, of equal magnitude and splendour, though more distant, break tremulously on her view; and as with the dawn came the blessings of light, so with the stars come the blessings of sleep. All Nature seems at rest. The winds are hushed, and the waves, uncrisp'd, fall drowsily on the beach. The birds are in their nests, the kine, couching at ease, glimmer in the moonbeam, and the trees, unshaken, lay their dark arms about the field. The petals are folded in the garden, and the fins of the gold fish no longer wink in the font. Man, weary with labour, sinks his head in down; but as the veil of darkness cast over the face of the earth was pierced and dissipated by rays of moon and stars, so sleep reveals to us secrets we should never have learned when awake. It proves to us by experience that we have a principle of thought which is independent of wakeful conditions, that can act and be powerfully influenced when sleep is heavy, hold communion with the past, and, under some circumstances, even penetrate future events. In addition to the express declarations of Scripture, it gives us ground for believing that, when asleep, we are especially subject to some kind of agency

for good and ill; and this very state, which seems, at first sight, to assimilate us to the irrational creatures around, raises us at times more completely than ever out of the body, gives us glimpses of unseen realities, discloses to us some of the mysteries of being, impresses on us the seal of immortality, and plants us on the threshold of a world to come.

Nor is it only the Christian philosopher, like Sir Thomas Browne, who holds that "we have something within us which is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus." Xenophon reports Cyrus the Elder as saying, on his deathbed, "It is in sleep that the soul of man appears most divine, and it is then that it foresees something of the future; for then, as it seems, it is most at liberty." Homer, Plato, and many other ancients, regarded dreams as emanations of the Deity; and this is so far confirmed by the Bible that many divine dreams are there on record. Abimelech, Laban, Joseph, Solomon, Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel, and Joseph the reputed father of Christ, were all favoured with dreams, of which some were of the greatest moment, intimately connected with the history of redemption, and of the world at large. I do not intend to dwell on these, but rather to speak briefly of those dreams which, though natural, appear to be providential, and to constitute a portion of God's moral government. To this kind may, perhaps, be referred the dream of Pilate's wife, which caused her to warn her husband to have no concern in the death of "that just man." Alexander the Great and the Jewish high priest had a peaceful meeting at the gates of Jerusalem, in consequence, as Josephus tells us, of dreams in which each of them was forewarned of the conduct he ought to observe. Presages of success and failure are so frequent in dreams that, without having recourse to history, the experience of almost every person of observation furnishes him with some example. Catherine de Medicis, when lying ill of a fever at Metz, dreamed

of the victory of Jarnac the night before the battle was fought; and her daughter, Margaret of Navarre, says, "For myself, I declare that every signal accident of my life, happy or not, has been presaged to me by a dream or otherwise."

It often happens that the mind, in sleep, sees things passing at the Antipodes, as if no solid earth intervened. The mother, in anguish, looks on the corpse of her son dropped into the sea, shrouded in his heavy-shotted hammock; and the fond father watches his gallant firstborn, who has just mounted a breach in an Indian fortress, fall, pierced in the breast by a fatal bullet. They awake sorely disquieted; they note the day and hour of their sad vision. At last the dreaded letters arrive. The dreams were too true. The widow's son, the father's hope, each died on the day and in the manner revealed simultaneously to his sleeping parent. William Penn told Aubrey that when he was visiting Admiral Dean's wife in Petty France, she had a perfect dream of her husband's walking on the deck of his ship, giving orders, and having his arm struck into his side by a cannon-ball. Within two days she received news of the admiral's death, which took place exactly as she had described. Who can account for such things, or deny that all around and within us is full of mystery? Many dreams, again, are predictive. Matthew of Westminster says that Archbishop Anselm dreamed of the death of William Rufus by an arrow when hunting, and, without having received any other intelligence, set but on his return from exile the next morning. A large proportion of such dreams are, no doubt, mere coincidences, and too much stress ought not to be laid on them. Books without number have been written on the interpretation of the countless wayward shapes of slumbering fancy, from the "Dream Expounder" of Artemidorus, down to the Countess of Blessington's "True Interpreter;" but these are, one and all, nothing better than mischievous nonsense. We are on safe ground while we maintain that dreams are often providential, but we must not be enticed across the borders of divination and soothsaying. Lady Seymour dreamed that she saw a nest with nine finches in it; and she fulfilled the omen by marrying Lord Winchilsea, whose name was Finch, and having nine children. This was merely a coincidence; and so perhaps was the dream of Sir Thomas More's mother, who saw in sleep the number of children she should have, written in her marriage ring, together with the forms and countenances of them all: "One was very dim and obscure, and could scarcely be discerned; for of one she suffered by an untimely birth. Another she saw full bright and beautiful, and fairer than all the rest; whereby was this lampe of England prefigured."

How often has a dream been the means of bringing strange consolation to the afflicted! How

pathetically Augustine describes that blessed vision in which his mother Monica beheld the conversion of her licentious and Manichean son! Madame Guyon tells us of "the sweet impression which a dream left upon her spirit during many days." It was one that revealed to her, in the midst of heavy trials, a lofty island of cedars, and all beautiful trees, where the birds sang and sported without fear, the lamb and the wolf dwelt together in peace, and all was purity, innocence, and truth. When the Christians of the East were suffering from the persecutions of Julian the Apostate, they were consoled by several visions in which his death was foretold; and he himself, on the night before he perished, slain by one of his own soldiers in a battle with the Persians, saw, in a dream, the genius of the empire flying from him, and its image vanishing from his coin, his standard, and his tent. It is nothing unusual for dreams to be the bearers of substantial benefits. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was once on his way to Padua, and arrived at Dover, intending to cross to Calais that night. It was clear and calm, but the governor would not let him go. Harvey remonstrated, but in vain. A terrible storm ensued, and the packet-boat, with all the passengers, was lost. The governor then told Dr. Harvey that the night before, though unknown to him previously by name or face, he had seen him perfectly in a dream, and had been warned to stop him on his way. About the year 1731, Joseph d'Acre, Esq., of Kirklington, was preserved in a similar way from joining a fishing-party of which every member perished, and used to say, "It has not made me superstitious, but with awful gratitude, I never can forget my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream."

The swiftness of thought during sleep is often very observable. Count de Lavalette, while in prison, saw in a dream, between the first and last stroke of midnight, a troop of cavalry and artillery, with the horses and men all flayed, ride, as he thought, during five hours, along the Rue St. Honoré, and he was able, during the rest of his life, to describe the horrors of that ghastly march with appalling minuteness. Every one who has read De Quincey knows how wonderfully opium stimulates the imagination in dreams; and we all remember how Coleridge, after taking an anodyne, composed in his sleep two or three hundred verses, of which some remain under the title of "Kubla Khan."

Many remarkable dreams appear to have answered no particular end. Such, for example, was that in which the whole scene of Mr. Percival's violent death, together with the faces of Bellingham and his victim, was distinctly portrayed, a week before the murder, and at a distance of more than 150 miles. Yet it must not be concluded that such presages are without a purpose. Out of fifty



Drawn by PAUL GRAY

[Engraved by DALZIELS.]

"Fancied facts of happier times
Smil'd to me out of the firelight's ray." - p. 378.

seeds, Nature often brings but one to bear; yet the forty-nine are not lost. There is no waste in God's universe. "Nothing walks with aimless feet;" and if an extraordinary dream serves no other purpose than that of startling a man from his belief in matter alone, it has done some good. If the night-side of Nature is full of mystery, it is full of instruction also. Half our time is passed in the shadow of the earth, yet that shadow becomes to us the very light of life. It is the ever-welcome and sweet renewal of health and strength. We

could no more live without sleep than breathe without air. Some years ago a cruel experiment was tried in Switzerland on a malefactor condemned to death. With a view of ascertaining how long a person could live without sleep, two gaolers were constantly at his side to prevent the first approaches of slumber. The wretched man died raving mad at the end of eleven days. Truly "sleep hath its own world," and a wonderful world it is, worthy of all observation, whether seen from a material or spiritual point of view.

J. C. E.

ALONE.

SILENTLY sitting alone one night,
Mournfully echoed the darkened street,
Fitfully flickered the candle's light,
Wearily tramped the passing feet.
Work and toil were over at last,
Finished the day; still into the past
One long, lingering look I cast,
Silently sitting alone!

Thinking alone, as the midnight chimes
Rang out the birth of another day,
Fancied faces of happier times
Smiled to me out of the firelight's ray.
Changing pictures, but, ah! so sweet,
That soon I listened for welcome feet
Above the clock's monotonous beat,
Wearily thinking alone.

Dreaming alone of hands I'd pressed,
And glistening eyes which dreams restore,
Hearing sweet sounds of a voice which bless'd
And whisper'd love from a golden shore.
Hopes long past as of old exist
At the sound of lips so often kiss'd,
In the light of loving eyes long miss'd,
Drearily dreaming alone!

Sitting so sad and alone, alone,
Torturing thoughts of the future's strife
Bade me awaken and cease to moan
The dream of a lost and broken life.
No more sorrow and no more pain;
Prayer and life's grand toil remain,
If I would live in the past again,
Though ever, for ever alone!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

THE LITTLE WORD "NO."

YOU will come to see me soon, will you not, Henry?" said one of several boys who had been spending the afternoon with Henry Hilliard, as they were going home in the evening.

"Oh, yes," answered Henry, "I will come, if my mother allows me."

Nearly all the boys made a similar request.

"How beloved your son is!" said a lady who was visiting Mrs. Hilliard; "his companions seem to esteem him highly."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hilliard, "he is generally pleasant and amiable. What a difference there is between boys!—some are so selfish and wilful that no one can bear them. Still, I should rather that Henry were, in some things, more wilful, or, rather, not so easily influenced."

"But that is an amiable fault, if it be a fault at all: a yielding disposition always makes so many friends."

A few days after, Henry was allowed to visit one of his friends. On his return, his mother inquired if he had enjoyed himself.

"Not much," replied Henry.

"And why not? The afternoon was very fine."

"Yes, mother; but George is so cross and disagreeable. He said 'No' to everything I proposed. I would not be like him for anything."

"I should be sorry for you to be as disagreeable and wilful as he; but I should like you to learn to say 'No' sometimes."

"Why, mother, I thought it was rude to say 'No.'"

"Do not misunderstand me, Henry. What I wish is, that you possessed more strength of character, so that you might resist bad influences. You are much too easily persuaded to do what you know to be wrong; not because you wish to do it, but because you cannot say 'No.'"

Soon after this conversation, Henry went, with several of his playfellows, to spend a day in the country. As it was Saturday afternoon, he was

desired to come home early. They had not long arrived at their friend's house, when one of the boys proposed that they should bathe, which was generally approved of. Henry refused: his mother had forbidden him to go into the water, except in the company of some grown person.

"But," said one of the boys, "that need not prevent you coming with us to the river. You can look at us swimming: your mother has not forbidden that."

"If he is not to go into the water, he had better stay," said another, who was very obedient to his parents. "We will all stay, and make a swing under the trees."

"No," answered the first speaker; "let us bathe."

As this was the opinion of the greater number, they went to the river; and soon all except Harry were in the water.

"Come, now," said the boy who had proposed bathing, "don't be a fool. What harm can it do you to bathe in such shallow water?"

"But it is harm for him to disobey his mother," said the one who had tried to prevent him going to the water.

"Be quiet, William," said the tempter, "or I shall hold your head under the water. Come, Henry, if your mother knew how shallow the water is, she would not mind; she only meant you were not to go into deep water."

After a little more pressing, Henry began slowly to undress, and, at last, sprang in, and enjoyed himself with the others. After a longer time in the water than was good for them, they dressed and returned to the house.

It was now evening, and Henry remembered that it was time for him to go home. The boy who had persuaded him to go into the water was going in the same direction. When they came to his house he begged Henry to go in and play a little longer.

"I cannot," said Henry; "my mother bid me come home early."

"Even so, you may stay a few minutes. The sun will not set these two hours." (Though he said this, the sun was on the edge of the horizon.)

"No; I really must go home."

"Then just look at my pigeons."

"Very well; but I must go then, for it is almost dark."

After looking at the pigeons, he allowed himself to be taken to see the cows; so it was quite dark when he got home, and he felt ashamed to meet his mother, whom he had disobeyed. She questioned him, and he confessed all, with a promise to behave better in future; but he continually fell into the same fault, and by degrees came to be considered a bad boy.

"What a good boy Henry Hilliard used to be, and how naughty he has grown!" was the remark made by one of his neighbours.

"I cannot think how he has become so," said another; "he has an amiable disposition, and his mother is such an excellent woman."

We know how it was that Henry had become a naughty boy. It was because he could not say "No" at the right time.

If we do not resist temptation at the first, we are sure to yield to it finally.

MARY, THE GROUNSEL GIRL.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



LITTLE girl stands
By yon ivy-bound sill,
And holds in her hands
Some newly-plucked groundsel.

For in at the window
A birdcage she spies,
And to sell of her groundsel
She tries, and she cries—

"Oh, please buy a penn'orth,
To feed your canary:
With you that is little—
'Tis much to poor Mary.

"When I put in some groundsel
To my own little linnet,
It seems to sing sweeter
The very next minute."

Poor Mary! we'll purchase
A part of her store,
And put with the money
One little coin more:

For her father is poorly,
His earnings are small:
God bless little Mary,
Who tends him through all!

29.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—No. 4.

"Benaiah."—1 Chron. xi. 22.

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|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. Beeroth..... | Deut. x. 6. |
| 2. E lon..... | Judg. xii. 11. |
| 3. N athan..... | 2 Sam. xii. 1-7. |
| 4. A pelles..... | Rom. xvi. 10. |
| 5. I rijah..... | Jer. xxxvii. 13. |
| 6. A donibezek..... | Judg. i. 5-8. |
| 7. H erodians..... | Matt. xxii. 16. |

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A LULL IN THE GALE.

"It is strange, yet true,
That *doubtful* knowledge travels with a speed
Miraculous, which *certain* cannot match.
I know not why, when this or that hath chanced,
The smoke should come before the flash; yet 'tis so."

VAN ARTEVALDE.

EARLY the next morning Gertrude rose and left her chamber to make inquiries after Ruth. No trouble of her own could make her unmindful of others. She found that one of the under servants had relieved Martin, who had sat up until four o'clock. The girl seemed rather reluctant to admit Gertrude to Ruth's chamber, and when the young lady expressed her intention of seeing the sufferer, tried to prepare her with the words—

"She looks so awful, miss!"

And, in truth, the poor creature had been terribly changed by the rigour of her convulsions. Her face, always large and pallid, was now distorted and livid. The head and some of the features were drawn on one side. There were cloths wet with lotion on her head, and her hands, blue and contracted, laid, as if dislocated, helplessly outside the coverlet. The eyes were partly closed, but under their swollen and purple lids they rolled incessantly. Still she had partially recovered her senses some hours before, and, as Gertrude, on tip-toe, drew near the bed, and, gazing at her with compassion, softly breathed the words, "Poor thing!" Ruth quivered, and under her heavy eyelids looked towards her, and, painfully trying to speak, could get out only one word that Gertrude could understand: it was "Duty!"

"You wish to say you have done your duty, my poor Ruth?" said Gertrude, trying, with ready apprehension, to interpret her meaning.

"To—you," gasped the sufferer, with laboured speech.

"Oh, yes, Ruth, I know you have to me; but"—she hesitated from timidity a moment, then continued, in a soft, low, appealing tone, "there's One, Ruth, to whom none, not the very best, have done their duty. We are all sinners in His sight, dear Ruth; you and I, both."

Ruth writhed and shook all the bed, and even the room vibrated with her tremor.

"But I won't say anything more just now. You shall see our clergyman, Ruth," continued Gertrude, softly, adding—"I'll pray for you; and you, too, my poor Ruth, must pray." Leaning her fair head down, Gertrude whispered, "Pray to Jesus, the sinner's friend; he 'ever liveth to make intercession for us.'"

With pitying tears running down her cheeks she left the sick chamber, and, returning to her own room, pondered the scene, and lifted up her heart in supplication. Concluding her petition for the sufferer, she added one affecting prayer for herself—

"Oh, teach me, Lord! thou Source of all love, how to win my mother to love me!"

The breakfast that morning was neither cheered nor troubled by Mrs. Austwicke's presence. That lady remained in her own room, "too fatigued," she said, "to appear, until later in the day—perhaps not till dinner-time."

It was the Sabbath-day, and Gertrude, as she sat in the pew at church between her father and brother, had a strange sense that something in her life was altered since the previous Sabbath. She was subdued to a gentle pensiveness that did not belong to her naturally mirthful temperament. But, as there is no place where a troubled mind gets soothed so readily as in the house of God, she was not without a realisation of the blessing. The text was, "Cast thy care upon Him who careth for thee;" it seemed a special message for her.

The parsonage pew was so full—Marian Hope sitting there, with her father, Mysie Grant, and Harriet—that Mr. Griesbach joined his friend Allan in the squire's pew, not certainly unwillingly. It is to be hoped that the young man did not forget the holy abstractions of the sacred place; but he surely felt also some human emotions when, glancing at Gertrude—

"He saw her kneel with sweet and simple air,
And whisper the response to every prayer;
And when the humble roof with praises rung,
He caught the hallelujah from her tongue."

On leaving church Miss Nugent came up and performed a rather elaborate curtsy to the squire; and, as he, in his genial way, inquired of her health, and expressed his pleasure at the discourse her brother had given them, she took courage to say—

"They had hoped—indeed, arranged—that Miss Gertrude Austwicke should have taken tea with them, as it was the last day that their young friend, Mysie Grant, who was visiting them, would stay. But she feared she might be asking too great a favour, as Mrs. Austwicke might not spare Gertrude."

To which Mr. Austwicke, knowing that Gertrude liked attending two services, answered—

"Gertrude, keep your engagement. We are too much indebted to your young friend for making your residence here pleasant, during your mamma's absence, to allow of any disappointment to her or her friends."

He spoke this as much to Harriet as to his daughter; but added to the latter, in a lower voice—

"Your mamma will not want you."

"No, mamma will not want me," said Gertrude, sadly, with difficulty checking a sigh, and glad that Marian, speaking to Mr. Austwicke, turned the conversation at that moment into other channels.

"Mamma will not want me," embodied for the poor girl a painful and haunting thought; yet it did not prevent her going to Mrs. Austwicke's dressing-room on her return home to make duteous inquiries.

She found that lady sitting at her writing-table, and was hastily dismissed from her presence with a few cold words, and the remark, alas! too frequent, from Gertrude's childhood, on her mother's lips—

"You see I am busy."

From her mother, Gertrude went to Miss Austwicke, not exactly in any uneasiness at not seeing her at church, for she seldom attended, but yearning in her isolation to her aunt.

"Surely, people making their own troubles is no reason we should not sympathise with them," said the pitying Gertrude.

But on this morning she was startled at her aunt's appearance. Miss Austwicke sat with her back to the light in her pretty drawing-room, filled with nicknacks, and garnished with all sorts of embroidered cushions, tabourets, and chairs; flowers—worsted flowers—of every hue in bright yet stiff profusion; in the midst of these, the contrast of Miss Austwicke's grey dress, and greyer face, now thin, rigid, and bloodless, was very striking. As Gertrude looked at her, she thought she seemed to be withering away before her eyes. Over the mantel-piece there hung a portrait, taken only five years before, of a stately, handsome woman, a little hard, perhaps, but in her prime of bloom. Gertrude could remember her aunt looking far better even than the well-executed likeness represented. She had had no serious illness, no obvious trouble; yet how strangely she had shrunk and faded, until her skin appeared lead-coloured and her face wizened.

"Dear Aunt Honor, I fear you must be ill," said Gertrude, as she drew near, and affectionately kissed her.

"Ill! what should make me ill, pray?" was the sharp answer; to which was added, "Don't be so full of fears and fancies; it's foolish, Gertrude. I am never fanciful. Some people, I know, are always dying—"

She checked herself with a jerk. Her remark applied to Mrs. Austwicke; but it was not to Gertrude she should say it, so she abruptly changed the conversation with—

"How's Ruth?"

"Very ill still; I inquired directly I returned from church: very ill."

"It's her own fault, going off for a holiday, indeed! What does a woman at her time of life want with holidays?"

"Nay, aunt; but—"

"I say it's folly; and when I wanted her! I have no doubt she walked about in Winchester till she was fit to drop, and then was shaken to pieces on the railroad. It's her own fault."

"Can I do anything for you, aunt?"

Gertrude felt that there was a deep substratum of selfishness in Miss Austwicke's strictures.

"You! no child—no; I want nothing that you could do."

It was not wonderful that, as all her offers were rejected, Gertrude did not stay long with her aunt. On leaving her, she met the doctor, just as he was getting on his horse, and inquired of him after his patient.

"Not in immediate danger now, but shaken—shaken—my dear young lady; will, I fear, be fit for work no

more," was his reply, as he mounted, and bowing, put his horse into a fast trot.

"Poor Ruth! she is not old, and that, to a woman in her station, is a hard sentence. I must ask papa to have the best advice for her."

After a luncheon, that was to do duty as a dinner, it was a great relief from the gloom that had settled on the inmates of the Hall for Gertrude to join the circle at the parsonage. There, she had the cheerful and pleasant thoughts, the interchange of innocent converse, suited to her age. The four young ladies strolled in the garden together, and thence to afternoon service. On their return there was the cheerful tea-table; and afterwards, as the twilight deepened into night, and Allan with Rupert joined them, their voices blended in sacred song. They needed no instrumental accompaniment, for they sang well in parts, and Rupert Griesbach's fine bass, and Allan's tenor were heard to the utmost advantage amid the clear sweetness of the ladies' voices.

Mr. Nugent was away, conducting a religious service at a neighbouring village; and when it was time for Marian and Mr. Hope (the latter having been wheeled there in a garden-chair) to return to Ferny Gap, Mysie and Gertrude walked to the river-side; and, of course, as Allan had come for Gertrude, and Rupert was always ready for an evening walk, they all accompanied them.

It was not until they had reached the gate of Mr. Hope's cottage, and Mysie was kissed and blessed by him with a fervour which indicated more than a mere nightly parting, that Allan learned Mysie would leave next day. Marian's words, "I shall go with you to the station, dear," explained this to him; so that, as they returned, these two, Allan and Mysie, fell rather behind Gertrude and Rupert in walking, the conversation naturally was on her approaching departure. Mysie frankly said—

"I am no longer to be a pupil, Mr. Allan Austwicke. I am to begin teaching others."

Something of a start was perceptible to his companion as the result of her words. He had, in truth, heard her spoken of as Mr. Hope's ward, and, in very awkward astonishment, he said—

"Really a teacher at the school?"

"Yes; a teacher at the school—just that."

"Well, those who teach are sure to learn," continued Allan, in rather a bewildered way.

"I don't teach exactly for any such motive, but as a vocation—a pursuit in life."

There was a heightened flush on her cheek, and a touch of pride in her tone, as she spoke. The night was so bright with moonlight, that Allan could see her face. It was just of that blooming beauty which is softened by the silvery beams; and the young man, as he looked at her, was too full of admiration to trust himself to speak. But the silence of each was eloquent—dangerously so; each was half conscious of absorbing the other's thoughts, and yet the one was saying to himself, "I've offended her, no doubt. She's a noble creature. Most girls have no pursuit in life—only trifling and nonsense." The other was saying, "He despises governessing, no doubt; but it doesn't matter. His likes or dislikes are nothing to me."

Just then, by that strange complexity of the human mind, in which thoughts come we know not how, the memory of her lost brother rose to Mysie's recollection very vividly. "Where was he? Should she ever see him more?" involuntarily she sighed at these mental queries.

"Your undertaking is very arduous, Miss Grant. Do you think you shall be happy?"

"Yes—that is, not unhappy, Mr. Allan."

"Surely, that is not enough."

"It ought to be."

"Oh! you should know nothing but happiness."

"That is not a common lot, and, I am sure, cannot be mine."

"Why not, Miss Grant?"

"Because I've some things to prevent it. I had once a brother—an only brother, Mr. Allan,"—her voice shook; she meant to have told him more, but she was spoken to end with the words—"and I lost him."

Whether or not Allan would soon have had an explanation given him that might have prevented his coming to the conclusion that her brother was dead, could not be known, for just then the curate joined them.

Gertrude and Rupert, who were in advance, had been both mutually interested. Their acquaintance was now of some weeks' duration, and they were quite old friends—indeed, rapidly becoming something more: not, perhaps, that time has much to do with youthful love, except to test its durability.

"I think, Allan," said Mr. Nugent, "you should go over the foot-bridge and meet your aunt. I saw her in Wicke Copse, half an hour ago, and I meant to have spoken to her, but I feared it might be intrusive."

"Was she going to the village?" said Allan, in great surprise.

"I think so; perhaps a kindly visit to some poor person."

"Is that so, Gertrude?" said Allan, as if he thought his sister must know her aunt's charities.

It flashed into Gertrude's mind that Ruth's illness had perhaps prevented her aunt having a messenger for any special purpose; but she merely shook her head in answer to her brother, who, leaving his sister for the curate and Rupert to see home, hurried off down to where the river was crossed by a foot-bridge, that led into a copse of low-growing and tangled underwood. He could not understand his aunt having any business so urgent in the village as to call her from home, or to induce her to take that unfrequented way to the village; still he went on to meet her, never doubting that if she had set off in some sudden access of benevolence, she would be glad enough to see him come to accompany her return. He entered the little wood; crossed it quite to the other side, went down the village street, saw nothing of his aunt, and, wondering if Nugent had been mistaken, he inquired of a rustic whom he knew, and who was leaning over a gate, whether he had seen Miss Austwicke.

"Why, yez; I do think, if ever I see the squire's sister, I see her a putting of a letter in the post-office half an hour ago, as ever was; but she seemed skeered like—anyhow, I thought so."

Allan, when he heard that, returned homeward, marvelling at his aunt's increasing eccentricities. He met Gertrude walking on the path that bounded the lawn, waiting for him. She pointed to her aunt's drawing-room as Allan approached, and said—

"See, Aunt Honor is at home. You had your walk for nothing. But how she came in I know not, any more than why she went. I fancy she returned through the churchyard, and in at the private gate."

"She went herself to post a letter! with a houseful of servants, and the general letter-bag, think of that, Gertrude! What mighty State secret can Aunt Honor have? How strange, dear True, she grows!"

"She does indeed, Allan. All things seem strange just now to me."

"And not the least strange is it that Miss Grant should be, as she told me to-night, commencing as a teacher in a school," responded Allan.

"Oh! as to that, Marian is a teacher, and all the better—at least, I wish I had some pursuit, something that made me feel less in the way, more of use to some one."

"Somehow, Gertrude, that lovely Mysie is different to Miss Hope—at least, I think so."

Gertrude looked for a moment curiously at her brother as they entered the house, and said, rather slowly, "I do not know, Allan, that you are called to make any comparisons between them."

CHAPTER L.

DRIFTING ON.

"The voice may fall,

And the lips grow white and the cheeks grow pale;

Yet will ye know that nought but sin

Chafes or changes the soul within." W. M. PRAED.

The following morning brought a letter to the Hall of more importance to Mr. Nugent than any one else. It was the tidings of the death of the Rev. Mr. Craven, the non-resident Vicar of Austwicke, who had been so long an invalid, and yet whose death, as is often the case in chronic maladies, had at last been sudden. The living, which was in the gift of the squire, had never been promised to Mr. Nugent, but there is no doubt both that gentleman and the parishioners expected he would succeed to it.

It was, too, a something that rather relieved the anxiety which just at present had crept over the squire, that he could show his respect for a worthy young clergyman, by giving him the living.

A servant was despatched to the parsonage to ask Mr. Nugent up to the Hall. The man met the curate at the lodge-gate on his way to visit Ruth, at Gertrude's request, and also with a proposition of his own to submit. On entering the breakfast parlour—where Allan and his father were still lingering over the morning meal, and, as the ladies were not present, leisurely discussing newspapers and letters, as well as coffee and eggs—Mr. Nugent, as soon as the customary salutations were over, was the first to speak.

"I have to tell you, Mr. Austwicke, that Dr. Griesbach, who was summoned yesterday to a consultation at Winchester, has just sent us a telegram to announce

his coming to spend a few hours with his son to-day, and it occurred to me he might benefit your poor servant. You know he is much consulted for fits."

"If he would see the poor woman it would, indeed, be very kind, and I should take it as a favour," said Mr. Austwicke; "and it is like you, my good friend," he continued, "to think of it—very like you—and all you have done, and are doing for the parish. But there, I need make no speeches about it. Here's a letter you must look at. Poor Craven has gone! He has been so far dead as to anything he could do here for years, that there's nothing to sorrow over in the actual fact having occurred. Austwicke could not have a better or more justly-valued vicar than you."

Mr. Nugent was silent a moment. It scarcely comported with his principles to flatter, any more than to solicit, an earthly patron; but he wrung Mr. Austwicke's offered hand in eloquent silence. And as a good man lives in the atmosphere of prayer, there is no question his unuttered thanksgiving went up to the Great Head of the Church, that he was not to be removed from a people between whom and himself true affection and confidence subsisted. That was his first thought. No doubt, he was not insensible to other considerations; for many that involved his future circumstances were comprehended in his having the salary, as he had long had the duties, of vicar. Marian would be his: a blessing he had not ventured to appropriate while his means were so small. His sister Harriet would realise her wish in joining Mrs. Maynard in her now well-established school.

Though all these considerations thronged his mind, he was yet anxious to see the sufferer, of whose mental state Gertrude had informed him. But she, on Martin naming that the clergyman was there, showed such agitation and reluctance, that it was judged best to postpone his visit until after Dr. Griesbach had been brought. Mrs. Austwicke, to whom the intelligence of the Doctor's coming to the Chace was announced, expressed her satisfaction, as she declared herself suffering under great prostration—a plea which Gertrude hoped would, in some measure, account for the strange and increasing coldness, amounting to aversion, with which her mother had treated her since her arrival. Even that morning, when Gertrude had made breakfast for Mrs. Austwicke in her dressing-room, and striven with gentle, daughterly attentions to render her services acceptable, that lady appeared too absorbed in a book she was reading to notice her, and seemed greatly relieved when Gertrude timidly proposed leaving her to pay a visit to Miss Austwicke. Her words, "Well, yes, Gertrude, you can go to her at once, and then you may employ yourself with Miss Hope: we shall meet at dinner," were more cheerfully spoken than any that she had before addressed to her.

The singularity of Miss Austwicke's solitary walk the previous evening dwelt in Gertrude's mind painfully. She went into the little east drawing-room, and found Miss Austwicke leaning over an embroidery frame, so

lost in thought that she did not hear Gertrude's repeated tap at the door, but started, as if with an electric shock, when her niece stood beside her, and threw her arms round her neck, saying, in tender, deprecating tones—

"I did not mean to startle you, dear aunt; pray do not you be angry with me."

Miss Austwicke unclasped her niece's hands, and said, sadly—

"I'm not angry, True, but you are impetuous. Such demonstrative manners are not in good taste—at least, were not in my time; but everything is altered now."

"Not everything, dear aunt: love does not alter."

Miss Austwicke shook her head, and repeated, in a querulous tone, the one word—"Love?"

"Yes, that is unalterable; and I do wish you would believe that, aunt; then you would let me do anything and everything that I could for you. I could have prevented your taking the trouble of going to the post-office yourself last—"

"Post-office! eh—what? I—what do you mean, girl?"

"Miss Austwicke's very lips were bloodless as she panted out the words, putting both her hands forward as if to thrust her niece away, her voice rising till it ended in a thin, faltering scream. Her emotion was so great that the young girl, greatly shocked, and not a little frightened, could only gaze for some moments in silence. Then, recovering herself, she looked round for water, and seeing none, ran to the bell; but Miss Austwicke, rising with an imperious gesture of her head, forbade her. She stood silent, wholly unable to speak for some seconds; then a purple tint came to her white lips, and the tension, whatever it was, so far relaxed, that her breath came more freely.

Miss Austwicke sat down again, and leaned back in her chair, her face gradually acquiring the grey paleness which had of late been its characteristic. Gertrude knew not what to think. She dared make no farther allusion to the subject which had been so strangely received. And she was struck with the fact that, as Miss Austwicke regained her usual composure, she entered rather circumstantially into the history of some little frights she had had from servants' carelessness, which "always terribly shattered her nerves." It was not like her aunt's reserve either to detail trivialities, or to attach importance to them. But it might be quite in accordance with her self-reliant character to do battle with some lurking malady. To hint this, Gertrude knew, would be offensive; so she took the opportunity of telling the fact she had learned as she came to her aunt's apartments, that Dr. Griesbach was coming that day—a fact by no means uninteresting to Gertrude; all that related to the Griesbachs had great interest for her.

"You will see him, aunt?"

"Certainly, if he sees Ruth. I shall learn from him his opinion of her case. She is more my servant than your mamma's.

(To be continued.)

[We shall be glad if those who are still collecting for the Lifeboat Fund will kindly send in their amounts as soon as possible, as our list must very shortly be closed.]

Acknowledged in No. 27.	163	8	4	Mrs. R. James, St. Mawes	0	3	0	W. H. Motherwell	0	4	6	G. and I. Kelsey, Yarmouth	0	2	0
Mr. A. Hall, Hull	0	10	0	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
Mr. J. H. H. H. H. H.	0	10	0	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
Miss Lowndes, Newham	0	0	0	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
Mr. Jones, Wellington	0	0	0	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
W. Hurrell, Southampton	0	0	10	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
Mr. J. H. H. H. H. H.	0	0	0	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
G. J. Wills, Marton	0	0	1	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
Miss A. Hunt, Thorby	0	0	2	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
W. H. H. H. H. H. H.	0	0	0	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
Miss E. Felton, Kachae	0	0	13	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
M. A. A. A. A. A. A.	0	0	7	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
J. H. H. H. H. H. H.	0	0	4	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
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J. Fisher, Belmont	0	0	10	M. S. Cameron, Baronside	0	4	10	Miss Joly, Prince Street	0	0	0	W. Stead, Ramsgate	0	0	0
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